An Askew, Intituled, I am a Woman Poor and Blind.

BRITISH MUSEUM

I Am a woman poor and blind,
and little knowledge remains in me,
Long have I sought, but fain would faine,
what Herb in my Garden were best to be.

A Garden I have which is unknown,
which God of his goodness gave to me
I mean my body, where I should have sown
the Seed of Christs true verity.

My spirit within me is vexed sore,
my spirit striveth against the same,
My sorrows do encrease more and more,
my conscience suffereth most bitter pain.

I wish my self being thus at strife,
would fain have been at rest,
musing and studying in mortal life,
what things I might do to please God best,

With whole intent and one accord,
unto a Gardiner that I did know,
I desired him for the love of the Lord,
true seed in my garden for to sow.

Then this proud Gardener seeing me so blind,
he thought on me to work his will,
And flattered me with words so kind,
to have me continue in my blindness still.

He fed me then with lies and mocks,
for venial sins he bid me go:
to give my money to stones and stocks,
which was stark lies and nothing so.

Which stinking meat then was I fed,
for to keep me from my Salvation,
I had Trentals of Masse, and balls of Lead,
not one word spoke of Christ's passion.

In me was sown all kind of feigned seeds,
with Popish Ceremonies many a one,
Masses of Requiem, with other juggling deeds,
till Gods Spirit out of my garden was gone.

Then was I commanded most straitly,
if of my Salvation I would be sure,
To build some Chappel or Chauntry,
to be pray'd for while the world doth endure.

Beware of a new learning, quoth he, it lyes,
which is the thing I most abhor,
Meddle not with it in any manner of wise.
but do as your Fathers have done before.

My trust I did put in the Devils works,
thinking sufficient my Soul to save,
being worse than either Jews or Turks,
thus Christ of his merits I did deprave.

I might liken my self with a wayward heart,
unto the Dumb man in Luke the Eleven,
From whence Christ cauled the Devil to depart,
but shortly after he took the other seven.

My time thus good Lord so quickly I spent,
alas I shall die the sooner therefore.
O Lord I find it written in thy Testament,
that thou hast mercy enough in store.

For such Sinners as the Scripture saith,
that would gladly Repent, & follow thy word
Which ile not deny whilst I have breath,
for prison, fire, faggot, or fierce sword.

Strengthen me good Lord in thy truth to stand,
for the bloody butchers have me at their will,
with their slaughter knives ready drawn in their hands
my simple Carcass to devour and kill. (hand
O Lord forgive me my offence,
for I have offended thee very sore,
Take therefore my sinful body from hence,
then shall I vile Creature offend thee no more

I would with all creatures and faithful friends
for to keep from this Gardeners hands,
For he will bring them soon unto their ends,
with cruel torments of fierce fire brands.

I dare not presume for him to pray,
because the truth of him it was well known,
But since that time he hath gone astray,
and much pestilent Seed abroad he hath sown.

because that now I have no space,
the cause of my death truly to show,
I trust hereafter that by God's holy Grace,
that all faithful men shall plainly know.

to thee O Lord I bequeath my spirit,
that art the Work-master of the same,
it is thine Lord, therefore take it of right, came
my carcass on earth I leave, from where it

Although to ashes it be now burned, Ps. 45.
I know thou canst raise it again: 1. Cor. 15.
In the same likeness as thou it formed, 1 Joh. 3.
in Heaven with thee evermore to remain.

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A Rare Example of a Vertuous Maid in

Paris, who was by her own Mother procured to be put in Prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery: but she continued to the end, and finished her life in the fire.

Tune is, O man in Desparation.

IT was a Ladies Daughter
of Paris properly,
her mother her commanded
to Mass that she should hie:
O pardon me, dear mother,
her daughter dear did say,
Unto that filthy Idol
I never can obey.

With weeping and wailing,
her mother then did go,
To assemble her Kinsfolks,
that they the truth may know,
Who being then assembled,
they did this maiden call,
And put her into prison,
to fear her there withal.

But where they thought to fear her,
she did most strong endure,
Altho' her years was tender,
her faith was firm and sure,
She weigh'd not their allurements,
she fear'd not fiery flame,
She hop'd thro' Christ her Saviour,
to have immortal fame.

Before the judge they brought her,
thinking that she would turn,
And there she was condemned,
in fire for to burn,
Instead of Golden bracelets,
with Cords they bound her fast,
My God grant me with patience
(quoth she) to die at last.

And on the morrow after,
which was her dying day,
They stript this lilly Damsel
out of her rich array,
Her Chain of Gold so costly,
away from her they take,
And she again most joyfully
did all the world forsake.

Unto the place of torment
they brought her speedily,
With heart and mind most constant,
she willing was to die,
But seeing many Ladies
assembled in that place,
These words she then pronounced,
lamenting of their case.

You Ladies of this City,
mark well my words (quoth she)
Although I shall be burned,
yet do not pitty me,
Your selves I rather pitty,
and weep for your decay,
Amend your time fair Ladies,
and do no time delay.

Then came her mother weeping,
her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought her
a book covered with gold:
Throw hence, quoth she, that fool,
convey it from my sight,
And bring me hither my bible
wherein I take delight.

But my distressed mother
why weep you? be content,
you have to death delivered me,
most like an innocent,
Tormentor do thy Office
on me when thou thinkst best,
but God my Heavenly Father
will bring my soul to rest.

but Oh my aged Father,
where-ever thou dost lye,
Thou know'st not thy poor daughter,
is ready for to die;
but yet amongst the Angels,
in Heaven I hope to dwell,
Therefore my loving Father,
I bid thee now farewel.

Farewel likewise my mother,
adieu my Friends also,
God grant that you by others
may never feel such woe,
Forsake your Superstition,
the cause of mortal strife,
Embrace God's true Religion,
for which I lose my life.

When all these words were ended,
then came the man of death,
Who kindled soon a fire,
which stopt this Virgins breath:
To Christ her only Saviour,
she did her Soul commend,
Farewel (quoth she) good people,
and thus she made an end.

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